

"I prefer that you wait until we get home," she objected. "We can light the gas and you can see what you are doing."

"The gas light would kill the romance," I declared. "Make ready now."

Annette sighed submissively and I could see that she tilted her pretty face. I leaned forward and pressed my lips to hers. The evasive perfume of her hair filled my nostrils; her long, black eyelashes tickled my cheek. I shut my eyes and saw a wonderful tropical forest where rainbow-plumed birds sang golden melody and lazy rivers glided to the sea. A noise of harps struck up and white-clad angels chanted overhead. The world was a shimmer of gold and purple. The driver turned and asked me if I ever caught a tarpon. I did not answer, for the planets were grinding heavenly harmony. Annette caught her breath ecstatically and I held on. A troop of noble knights swung jauntily into the wondrous forest. A pale, silvery light seemed to burst from somewhere, wrapping Annette and me in a radiant mantle. I heard a confused murmur of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" from the others. The girl at my left cried aloud, "How shameful!" The driver snorted and guffawed. I eased back the slightest, and in the bright blaze of moonlight which had suddenly come from the clouds I beheld pretty, coquettish half-divine Leila Cameron in my arms. The others were staring. Annette, on my left, was the

color of a ripe beet. "I don't care!" I defied them, and kissed Leila again in the moonlight.

Annette is still sulking.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

If Santa Claus isn't in the limelight today, we'd like to know who is. Answer from every happy little girl and boy: "He IS!" So there you are. It isn't often that such a dear old fellow as Santa Claus gets in the public eye, and there isn't any day when anybody else gets in so completely and fully. Every joy-laden, candy-eating kiddie knows that, and ma and pa will find it out before this day is done and the last tired, little youngster is tucked in his blankets.



Guess Who?

HOW CUTE OF HER!



"My," exclaimed the delighted man, "I'm afraid you spent too much of your savings on this fine smoking jacket."

"There, there," protested wife. "I didn't spend ANY money on it."

"Why, how was that?"

"I had it charged to your account."